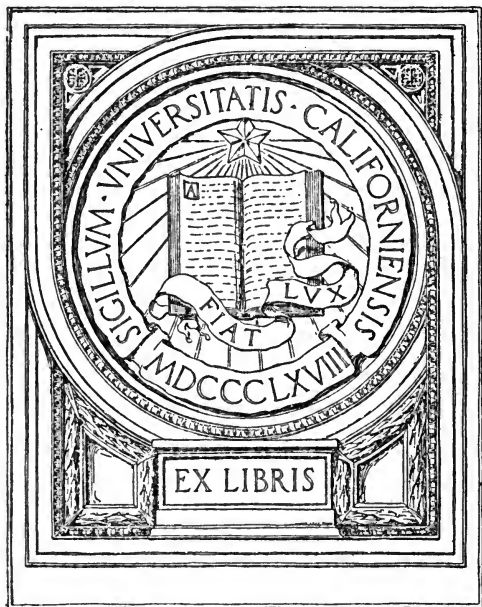


THE POET'S PACK

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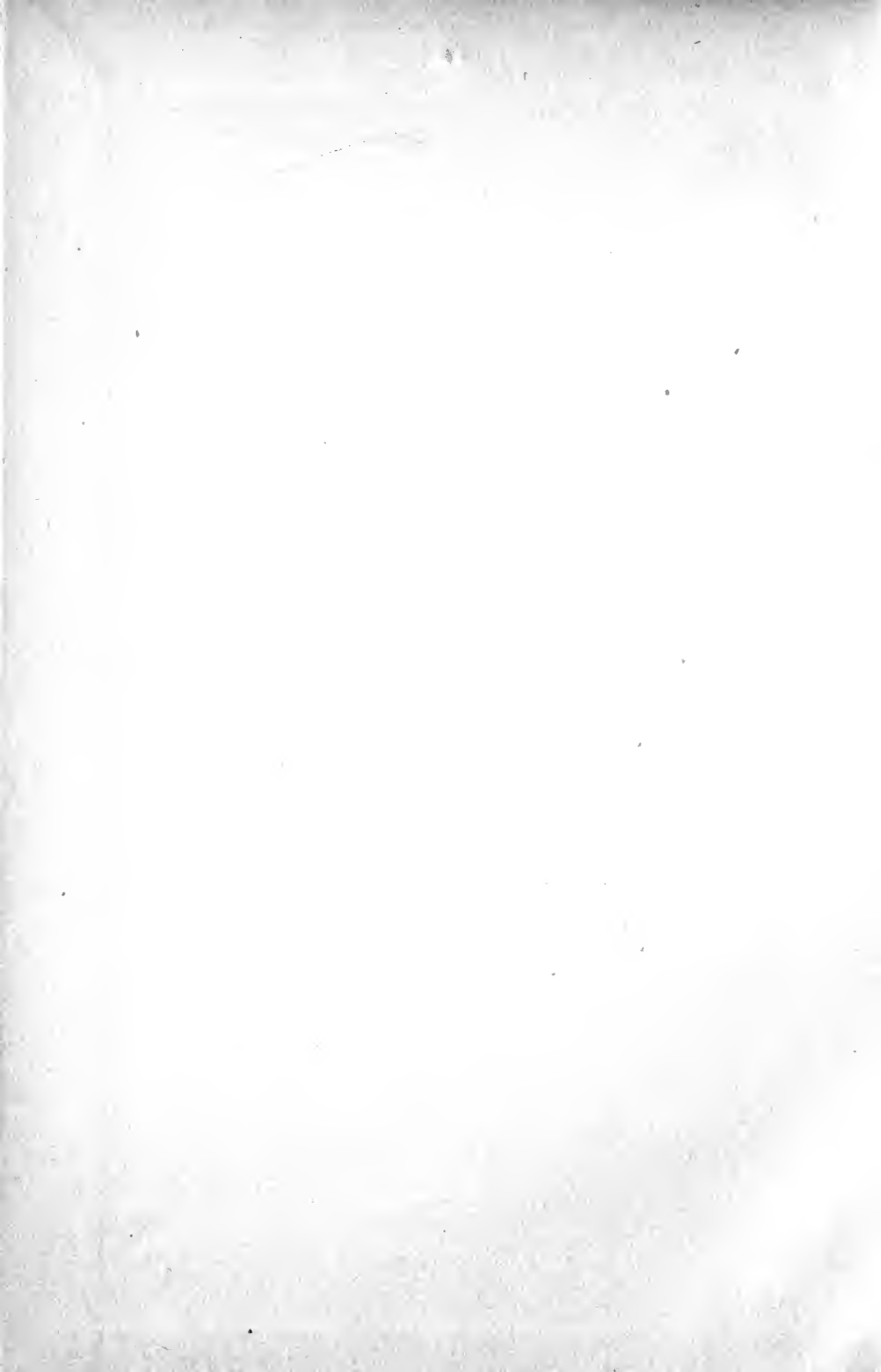


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The Bookfellow Series
Volume Three

THE POET'S PACK

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- I. IN PRAISE OF STEVENSON, a poetic Anthology
edited, with an introduction and notes, by
Vincent Starrett.
- II. ADVENTURES WITH BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS,
by George Steele Seymour.

THE POET'S PACK

JOHN G. NEIHARDT, Editor-in-Chief

LILY A. LONG, CLINTON SCOLLARD, FANNY HODGES NEWMAN,
Associate Editors



CHICAGO
THE BOOKFELLOWS
1921

*Five hundred copies of this first edition have been printed from type
in 1921, for THE BOOKFELLOWS.*

TO THE
BOOKFELLOWS

*Copyright 1921
by Flora Warren Seymour*

Flora Warren Seymour

THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS
IOWA

NOTE

In the fall of 1920, Bookfellows were invited to submit poems for a volume designed to represent the best work of members of the Order. No limit was set to the number that each might submit, nor was published work excluded, though it was announced that preference would be given to unpublished work. About one thousand poems were submitted. These were given a preliminary reading by a committee of selection consisting of Lily A. Long of St. Paul, Fanny Hodges Newman of San Diego and Clinton Scollard of New York, two affirmative votes qualifying a poem for final consideration.

About three hundred reached the editor-in-chief, who made further eliminations and called for additional contributions from a number of the surviving contributors, with the result that a volume of one hundred poems by forty-five poets was made. The material submitted ranged in form from free verse to the sonnet, from the quatrain to the ballade, and from the Sapphic stanza to the gazel.

While a number of poets are represented whose names are familiar to all readers of modern poetry, it should be a source of special satisfaction to Bookfellows that this enterprise has been the means of bringing out a number of worthy writers whose work now appears in a book for the first time. Of these, at least half a dozen are quite likely to achieve distinction.

—JOHN G. NEIHARDT

The Poets' Pack

How light it seems !
How gay a thing to carry !
Moonshine on streams,
And idle dreams,
And such like matters starry -

Oh! well-a-day!	But days there are
'Tis as you say	Same moon & star.
Perhaps nine times out of	And nothing in my
ten, sir,	pack, dear,
with young love singing	But the thought of you
And rhymes a-ringing,-	No longer true
Easy to carry then, sir!	To carry on my back, dear.

Oh! heavy then
So singing men,
And their pack it weighs a ton, sir;
Till another face,
By the good Lord's grace,
Brings back again the sun, sir.

Richard Le Gallienne.

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THE POET'S PACK

PIERROT, BOOKFELLOW

Castles in Spain to toss mid-air —

Where heroes dwell, where poets sing,
Where fairies play and saint and seer

Rich treasure from the ages bring —
Sweet flowers of life that cannot fade,
What treasures rival these, man-made?

Anguish with rapture these have known,

Have thrilled to rainbow-tinted beams
From morning stars; shook from the tree

Of life strange fruits, dreamed youth's white dreams:
To other worlds yearned, undismayed —
What treasures rival these, man-made?

While here upon this transient plane

You caper jesting, vaunt the skill
To juggle with man's precious lore,

Sentient with star-aspiring will —
Pierrot, immortal, unafraid,
What treasures rival these, man-made?

— BERTHA GRANT AVERY

THE
DIED OF DISEASE

Tomorrow with the crowd as still as he —

A stupefying stillness in the air —

They will play taps above him carelessly,

Nor suffer sorrow, being ordered there.

Trumpets are heartless things. The buglers blow

Much as they drill; with easy measured beat

Play on unfeeling. They do not know

How well he lived whose life was incomplete.

Ah, Bugles, Bugles, eyes that now are dim

Shone with great light! Make music in your throats!

Sing out the highest hopes that died with him,

His losing battle in your trembling notes!

— ROBERT O. BALLOU

BEHIND THE ARRAS

Long is the night that waits without my door.

Before the arras hung by Death, I keep

The vigil of my best beloved, in sleep

Eternal, that shall know the day no more.

About my soul the wingless memories pour

Like moonlight on the waters. Calm and deep,

The great, majestic winds of sorrow sweep

Love's day behind, and endless night before.

Calm as the music of the autumn stars,

Heart's love awaits heart's wakening love again,

As night awaits the new day's heraldings.

Beyond the dawn, Love sets his exemplars,

Where, tender as echoes of a summer's rain,

He guards her slumber with his golden wings.

— KENDALL BANNING

HEIRLOOMS

She was a princess fair and stately;
He was a knight who loved her greatly;
Boldly he wooed and passionately.

Flourish of trumpet and glitter of lance!
Three hundred years is their line unbroken;
A race blue-eyed and well bespoken,
Tall and fair, is the princess' token.

Brave is the child of the True Romance!

He was a dark and swaggering rover;
Seven the seas he voyaged over;
Found him a maid and became her lover.

Red are the lips that the gypsies bring!
Of fortune's store he wrought good measure, —
But a tribe bred strong by pain and pleasure
Is all that is left of his rover's treasure.

Wild runs the blood in the fires of spring!

Sturdy the line that holds unbreaking;
Gypsy calls to prince for the taking;
Queen and pirate blend in the making.

What reck lovers of caste or king?
Hearts held high by the dames who bore us,
Limbs built strong by the sires before us,
Dreams spun true by the spectral chorus, —

Such are the gifts that our fathers bring!

— KENDALL BANNING

FORSOOTH I AM A GYPSY

My soul is full of morning,
My heart is full of song;
Forsooth, I am a gypsy
That roves the world along.

Beyond the Hills of Shadow,
Beyond the Vales o' Fear,
I pitch my tent and tarry
A day, a month, a year.

And none shall tax my spirit,
And none my dreams destroy;
For I am free as winds are,
A comrade unto Joy!

— CHARLES G. BLANDEN

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Not uninvited entered Death,
For, in the twilight dim,
We saw her smile, and gladly go
Away with him.

We wished not back to suffering
The spirit that had passed,
Nor troubled with our cries the night
That gathered fast.

We only knelt about her couch,
And spoke with bated breath
Of how the vale grew light when she
Walked through with Death.

— CHARLES G. BLANDEN

HEREAFTER

When all these worlds, like millet seed,
Are blown into some crack of Space,
I wonder shall I play my reed
And sing some beauty of the place.

— CHARLES G. BLANDEN

TODAY

Today is like old wine.
The cloudless sky, the dancing light, the breeze,
All set the quick blood coursing in my veins.
The circling hills of yellow maple trees
Chalice the day within a cup of gold.
Once Sappho laughed beneath her apple tree
And loved this day.
Then it was Spring; the day was young;
And, lavish of its blossoms, flung
Its youth away.
But, Sappho, smiling at the sky
Sang it to immortality.
Now you and I laugh with the yellow leaves,
Blow off the dust of time. Here, rich and fine,
Mellowed by centuries, sparkling, clear,
Here is the once young day, now rich, rare wine.

— MARION M. BOYD

EVOLUTION OF A GENIUS

Selections from the work of B. Harvey Blinkins, aged nine,
as reported by loving relatives

I

Goo — goo — goo
Oh, goo — ooo — ooo!
Mama!

*(Composed at age two, displaying great feeling for the
magic line.)*

II

Please Santa
Bring me a little horse
And a sled
And candy, of course.

(Age three; first experiments in regular forms.)

III

Oh, the daisies are nodding
Their heads at me
And the buttercups tryst with
The bumblebees.

(Age four; strong leanings towards nature.)

IV

On the hill I have strolled
Where the little lambs play
And down by the brook
In a hidden nook
Where no children look
God lives alway.

(Age five; begins to show the influence of Browning.)

V

When boomed the guns of deadly strife
 And all the land with blood had run,
 There came one day to give his life
 A hero named George Washington.

(Etc. for twenty stanzas. Age six. Culmination of the lyric period.)

VI

I stand beside the ebbing tide
 Where many ripples play
 And mourn the days of innocence
 Forever flung away.
 O tasted youth, O wasted youth!
 Thy happy days I mourn,
 There's naught but bitterness and death
 For me when youth is gone.

(Age seven. Sproutings of modernism.),

VII

The world was black.
 Night seemed unending.
 My soul a-rack
 Suffered heart-rending.
 The stars were gone,
 And sin the deceiver
 Led me on and on,
 Fearing to leave her.
 Life and death were the same;
 Then You came . . .

*(Age eight. Strong technique. Influence of Carl Sand-
 burg.)*

VIII

Under my door
Crept a sunbeam
And never stopped
Until it reached
A tack in the carpet.

(*Age nine. Free verse at last. Hailed far and wide as the
Real Thing.*)

— JOHN S. BROWN

HAGIOLOGY

I

ST. SEBASTIAN

My happy lot the martyr's crown to wear,
My happy lot the arrow's pain to bear —

O who, thus blessed, would his place exchange
With old Stylites on his pillar there!

II

ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Good people, stay your hurrying feet and view
This needlework that I have done for you.

The barb that wrought it goads my tortured side.
So puissant are God's mercies in Peru!

III

ST. CYRIL

Tho' peaceful, I a holy sword became
And purg'd Hypatia of her mortal blame.

I had her dragged to church and massacred
And scraped her bones to glorify Thy Name.

IV

ST. SATAN

Great Master God, Thy cleansing fires burn well;
Thy mercy shines for ev'n Thy saint who fell.

With burning throat I cry, Thy will be done!
Send me more souls, more souls to damn in hell!

V

ST. PIO

Dear Lord, 'tis Thy decree that I in state
Shall sit upon the Throne Pontificate.

No longer peace and homely joys to know,
But for Thy sake I must be rich and great.

VI

ST. MIO

My loves, my hates, my fortune yet to find,
Some random verse that I may leave behind —

These constitute my hagiology.
Nor gods nor saints else occupy my mind.

— JOHN S. BROWN

NATURE'S SANCTUARY

In the cool glen where by the rushing river
The branches drooping o'er the crystal waters
Sway in the enchanted breeze — thou art with me,
Spirit eternal!

From the far hillside comes the mellow tinkle
Of distant cow-bells long and listless falling —
A sound of earth, yet borne from airy regions
In cloudland floating!

Hark! underneath the bowery vines and blossoms
Ethereal loves in tenderest notes are stealing
Where the lone woodbird to the streamlet poureth
His delicate passion.

From myriad leaflets quivering in the sunlight
Soft insect murmurs fill the whispering silence —
So faint, so clear, yet sweet, faint echoes waking
In my lone bosom.

Oh! were it mine to mingle with the fragrance
And music of this morn these thoughts of beauty
To guard one gleam of nature's joy forever,
How sweet the rapture!

— GEORGE F. BUTLER

HOME

Wherever smoke wreaths
Heavenward curl —
Cave of a hermit,
Hovel of churl,
Mansion of merchant, princely dome —
Out of the dreariness,
Into its cheeriness,
Come we in weariness
Home.

I, too, have wandered
Through the far lands.
Home there was their home;
Open their hands.
Yet though all brothers, born of the foam,
Far o'er appalling sea,
Ever enthralling me,
Blood still was calling me
Home.

Men speak of jewels
Earth holds abroad.
What can compare with
One bit of sod,
Full of the love-gold sunk in the loam?
There lies my holy dead,
And there my mother shed
Tears o'er my sleeping head —
Home.

Home . . . where I first knew
Day was alight;
Where I would fain be
Ere the Long Night,
That they might write this in some old tome:
This earth the womb was;
This earth the room was;
This earth the tomb was.
HOME.

—STEPHEN CHALMERS

THE WEEDS

Men scorn them, but the wiser day
Looks never from the weeds away.
They honor him as best they may,
And so their humble summer goes.

Sometimes I think the soft winds stay
With them the longest, in their play,
And all the sweet things to them say
They but say over to the rose.

— JOHN VANCE CHENEY

WIND

Yellow Fox
Beds in the rocks;
Brown Bird, in the tree
Houses he;
But Wind, come forth
Of south and north,
Of east and west,
Where shall he rest?

Snake and Eft
Slip into the cleft;
Marmot sleeps sound
Underground;
Wind o' the hill
Is wandering still;
And Wind o' the sea,
When sleepeth he?

Clouds of the air
Slumber there;
Flowers droop the head,
Leaves lie dead;
But Wind, worn Wind,
What rest shall he find?
When shall he roam
The wild road home?

— JOHN VANCE CHENEY

REMEMBERING

I look for you in the liquid blue,
Past the billowy folds of fleece,
In the lights which lie in the deep, dark sky
At the gates of eternal peace.

I look for you in the first faint hue
Which the earliest springtime wears,
And I search the maze of the golden haze
Which the opulent autumn bears.

Is it you, is it you in the beaded dew,
Perfumed by the morning rose?
Or are you set in that silhouette
Of the moonlit pines and snows?

In the twilight gloom of your own white room,
I listen to hear you stir,
And I look for you when a door swings to,
In a place where you never were.

Are you in that mist by the hill-top kissed,
Or the rose-pearled morning tinge?
Do I hear you pass on the plumes of grass?
Are you veiled in the rainbow's fringe?

Are you there in the yield of the wind-worn field?
Or the calm of cathedralled woods?
Are you in the tide, where the Nereids ride
And flourish their fleecy hoods?

I look in the spray of the Milky Way,
I search in the violet's nook,
I gaze in the mild, sweet eyes of a child,
And oh! were it but your look!

I have sought, I have sought, but have found you not ;
I am bruised by the blind, blank wall ;
And yet, dearest one, though found in none,
I have found you in them all !

For wherever is hint, be it tone or tint,
Of the beautiful, good, or true,
Afar or at hand, on sea or on land,
There is something which speaks of you.

You have made your home in the field and foam ;
You are flecked in the sunlight's ray ;
You are part of the dark where my heart is a-hark,
As the ageing Night grows gray.

You are part of my innermost life, dear heart,
And are part of the uttermost star.
You are one with the sod and the soul of God,
And because you have been, you *are*.

— EDMUND VANCE COOKE

(Copyrighted 1917 by the author)

BORN WITHOUT A CHANCE

(February 12, 1809)

A squalid village set in wintry mud.

A hub-deep ox-cart slowly groans and squeaks.

A horseman hails and halts. He shifts his cud

And speaks; —

“Well, did you hear? Tom Lincoln’s wife; today.

The devil’s luck for folk as poor as they.

Poor Tom! Poor Nance!

Poor young one! born without a chance!

Clare Dun

“A baby in that God-forsaken den,

That worse than cattle-pen!

Well, what are they but cattle? Cattle? Tut!

A critter is beef, hide and tallow, but

Who’d swap one for the critters of that hut?

White trash! small fry!

Whose only instinct is to multiply!

“They’re good at that,

And so, to-day, God wot, another brat!

A puking, squalling, red-faced good-for-naught

Spilled on the world, heaven only knows for what.

Better if he were black,

For then he’d have a shirt upon his back

And something in his belly as he grows.

More than he’s like to have, as I suppose.

Yet there be those

Who claim ‘equality’ for this new brat,

And that damned democrat

Who squats to-day where Washington once sat,

He’d have it that this Lincoln cub might be

Of even value in the world with you and me!

“Yes, Jefferson, Tom Jefferson. Who but he,
Who even hints that black men should be free.
That feather-headed fool would tell you, maybe,
A president might lie in this new baby,
In this new squawker born without a rag
To hide himself! Good God, it makes me gag!
This beggar-spawn
Born for a world to wipe its feet upon
A few years hence, but now
More helpless than the litter of a sow,
And — oh, well! send the women-folks to Nance.
Poor little devil! born without a chance!

— EDMUND VANCE COOKE

(Copyright 1920, N. E. A.)

MAKING A SONNET

I like to write a sonnet as I dress,
With one same motion wash my mind and face,
And as I sweep away deep slumber's trace,
And quickly my full consciousness possess,
Then forth from every hidden brain recess
I draw the eager prisoned thoughts that race,
And as I'm tying up my last shoe lace
The octave's done with small or great success.
Then as I choose a collar stiff or soft,
And start to pick a necktie for the day,
I'll wear most anything that comes my way,
Since mental works are whirring up aloft,
And if for rhymes I do not have to beg,

.
The sonnet's ready with the breakfast egg.

— HENRY CORNEAU DILLER

SULTAN MAHMUD III TO HIS LOVE

(A Gazel, Ottoman Verse)

The breathing cypress movement, thy slow grace resembles;
The silent dancing juniper, thy footpace resembles.
The faint and rosy blush of morn, who early wakens
To greet her ruddy lover, thy sweet face resembles.
Thy black long hair of musky fragrance o'er thy gleaming
shoulders
Hanging in coils—yea—writhing serpents in thy lace re-
sembles.
Throw off thy golden veil and let me kiss thy lips forever!
Low raptured music, thy soft warm embrace resembles.
Ah, Mahmud's love, which bows to thy blue-purple sandals,
A watchful slave, prostrate before thy grace, resembles.

— WENDELL ERIC DIXON

EXILED

In western fields the golden poppies bloom ;
Wild daisies spread their patterns on the hills ;
On yellow sands the sea's blue goblet spills,
And o'er the pines the warding mountains loom, —
While here I smother in a little room,
With flowers potted on the window sills,
Flecked with the sooty spawn of smoking mills,
The city's walls about me like a tomb.

Exiled from scenes that burn in memory's eyes,
To brooding grief my soul no more shall yield,
Though mills instead of mountains meet the view ;
No longer shall I pine for homeland skies,
For old, familiar paths in wood and field,
Since one I love is with me, exiled too.

— HENRY DUMONT

GEORGE CHAVEZ

Dauntless he soared above the Alpine snow
That once had woven shackles for the feet
Of conquering armies, and a burial sheet
For many a fallen warrior long ago;
And gazing on the barrier below,
Where shades of Hannibal and Cæsar meet,
His soul their daring spirits dared to greet,
And knew a joy that they could never know.

Intrepid bird, on pinions young and frail,
He dared the secret hazards of the skies,
Scorning the safer paths their feet had trod;
And with the light of triumph in his eyes,
He fell, the breaker of an airy trail,
Pierced by the arrow of a jealous god.

— HENRY DUMONT

THE HUSH

It was a hush that folded like a flower
And awed away all anger quietly;
And long before your dear low voice of power
Brought comfort or forgiveness, I was free;
For in that hush I held my little hour,
And in that hush God's heart beat once for me.

— BETTY EARLE

PARACLETE

They must be friendly with defeat
Who would the paths of glory tread,
And meekly walk with humbled head.

For them, life's ways will not be sweet,
But they will know the deathless dead;
They must be friendly with defeat,
Who would the paths of glory tread.

The spirit of the Paraclete
Will on their path a radiance shed,
And form a nimbus for the head.
They must be friendly with defeat
Who would the paths of glory tread,
And meekly walk with humbled head.

—CHARLOTTE EATON

CHOPIN

I hurried in from sleety rain,
 Fatigued from where my feet had strayed;
 Some one below a Nocturne played.

And all the pressure and the pain
 Out of my thought began to fade;
I hurried in from sleety rain,
 Fatigued from where my feet had strayed.

The sweetness of that subtle strain,
 Dispersed the evils that degrade,
 And from my heart to God I prayed.
I hurried in from sleety rain,
 Fatigued from where my feet had strayed;
 Some one below a Nocturne played.

— CHARLOTTE EATON

WAR

All through the war I could not thrill;
Its dastard blight my spirit scarred;
I could not praise; I am a bard.

That man should organize to kill,
Depressed my thought and pressed me hard.
All through the war I could not thrill,
I could not praise; I am a bard.

The arrant waste of so much skill,
Science's fruit, misued, ill-starred,
From its right purposes debarred,
All through the war I could not thrill;
Its dastard blight my spirit scarred.
I could not praise—I am a bard.

— CHARLOTTE EATON

REGRET

It comes upon me with a rush,
My life of helplessness and shame;
It burns into my flesh like flame.

I feel it in the evening's hush;
When thought coherence seeks to frame,
It comes upon me with a rush,
My life of helplessness and shame.

Sometimes a hidden hermit thrush
Seems wistfully to pipe your name
That fills me with a poignant blame.
It comes upon me with a rush,
My life of helplessness and shame.
It burns into my flesh like flame.

— CHARLOTTE EATON

LOVE IN SPRING

Hummers at the hedge rows,
Meadow larks in air,
Mockers in the apricots,
Music everywhere.
Linnets feeding birdlings
Just above my door,
Spring, eternal lover,
Greening all earth's floor.
Joy and love in sunshine
So rich, it makes you start;
All the world is singing,
"Marita has your heart."

— CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

DESTINY

In the dusk at Galloway,
The clover fragrance bade me stay.
The crickets 'gainst the coming night
Chanted praise of candle-light.
The trees bent down and swept a sweet
Home-searching spell about my feet.
I groped, and groping found a door,
As one long sought and waited for.

— ETHEL M. ERICSON

CHRYSANTHEMUM CHILD

Just as instinctively as I would fold
Protecting arms about a little child,
And search its eyes for sudden love and trust,
I bend above you, Child of God, and thrust
My hand beneath your head, splendid and wild,
With windy hair like winter sunset gold.

Perhaps it is because you grow child-high,
And I can reach and love you as I will,
Or pause to feel you brushing by my side,
The cunning fingers of your leaves spread wide
In vague caresses wandering, until
You touch an ancient love that cannot die!

— ETHEL M. ERICSON

JANUARY

The dawn comes late and cold and brings no cheer ;

Blue shadows lie across the driven snow ;

Dim skies shut down upon the world below,

Save in the east, where ruddy lines appear,

Piercing the purple cloud-banks like a spear.

Adown the road creaking wagons go ;

The teamsters beat their breasts to keep aglow ;

Their frosty breath floats upward, keen and clear.

As thus I watch the coming of the day

And think of summer suns and waving grain,

The Master Artist, at my side alway,

Sketches with frosty pencil on the pane

Leaves, ferns and nodding flowers, as He would say,

“Take heart, and wait. All these shall come again.”

— WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

SONNET

And this is death? — To lie upon a hill

Warmed by the gentle breath of summer night,
And swoon in olden memories that fill

The soothéd brain with dreams of cool delight:
To see within the stars a loved one's eye

Forgotten long ago, and in the wind
To catch the little flutter of a sigh
Borne from the years that linger far behind.

And then to sleep, lulled by eternal rest,

Watched by eternal peace that none may break,
Deep in the sheltering stillness of the breast

Of maiden time, whose youth shall never wake —
Calm as the waning twilight in the west,
Fair as the morns that Springtimes overtake.

— FRANCIS FIELDING-REID

SLEEP, THE MOTHER

Sleep, the mother,
Has taken her over.
She has slipped from my arms
Into the arms of this other,
Who has touched her softly,
Who has flushed her with dreaming. . .
This is not the same
Sleep who gathers men
Heavy with labor,
Women drugged with pleasure.
This is the mother
Of little children only,
Moving as a wind
From white spaces,
Flushing their faces
With a soft flame, holily,
To whom the mothers of the earth
Give up their children
Joyously, with a clean gladness,
With only a little sadness,
Such as hurts mothers,
For their mortality.
— For they remember also,
Remembering swiftly,
Death too is a mother! —
But now her lashes curl delicately,
The blue veins of her eyelids
Show sweetly in the soft skin.
Her red mouth droops slowly. . .

And hovering over
The child she is holding
Is Sleep, the white mother,
With arms enfolding!

— FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

OCTOBER

I cannot get enough of trees,
Nor sharp-lit mornings such as these
When from my house's smallness I
Step out and quick possess the sky,
And feel along my blood the race
Of leaves that scurry every place.
O I'm afraid that I shall be
Dead, and the love gone out of me
Before of life I've had my fill
And seen enough light upon the hill,
Before this greedy joy is fed
For clouds and winds and bushes red!

— FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

ELF-CHILD

They'll get your rollicking spirit pretty soon,
Taming you to the observances of days,
They'll teach you how to tread the ordered maze,
Little wild baby dancing under the moon;
Not to go prancing at the call of the loon,
Mad little darling of the runaways!
Of conversation, manners, prim delays
They'll tell you — and nice use of the fork and spoon.

O please, O please don't let it be all wasted
That you from streams have drunk a dear delight,
You who have lived with faery, and have tasted
Delicate rumours, stirrings of the sprite.
Do sometimes put your fingers to your nose,
And still go dancing on your little toes!

— FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

IVORY THUMBS

*“All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh
of men”*

Turbulence of trumpets, insistency of drums,
Imperious banners floating beneath whose flaunt there comes
The worshipful Ivory Emperor with his consecrated thumbs.

The cavalcade is halted, the Ivory Lord descends
To his box by the arena where a multitude attends.
He is here for the sport of a thousand kings, a sport that never
ends.

Around the field of combat the Pale Man leads the trail,
Bearing a trident long and sharp, the devil's forkéd tail,
And dangling a net, half mockingly, for the trick which cannot fail.

Through the grated doorway, harsh of hinge and grim,
Another comes on the saffron sands, shadowy-hued of limb;
And the Pale Man looks at the Man of Bronze and the Bronze
Man looks at him.

Back of the Pale Man, lifted high, are the glories of Babylon;
The frieze of his sky is carven with the shafts of the Parthenon
And the pride of Rome that had wrought its dreams in the
brooding Pantheon.

Back of the Bronze Man lie the deeps of the forests' brazen
gloom
Where the jungle was his cradle and the jungle was his tomb,
And his songs had the pulse of the naked night and the cadence
of all doom.

Between the Bronze Man's lips whistles an anguished breath.
He looks at the Ivory Emperor, at his thumbs of life and death.
"Stir up the laggard," the Emperor says. "Too long he tar-
rieth."

The Bronze Man's knife is short, the Pale Man's spear is long,
But back and forth they hew and hack in rhythm fierce and
strong,
And loud on the shield the trident falls with the clang of the
burial gong.

The Pale Man's spear is raised, his eyes upon the crown —
Swiftly the gleaming point descends to summon the floods that
drown,
For the thumbs of the Ivory Emperor, those terrible thumbs,
are down.

— LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

THE CAPTIVE

I am a bird and the fowler
Has caught me within his net.
I have no fear at my capture —
I only fear to forget.

Always I would remember
My nest at the river's edge,
The call of my mate at sunrise,
The swish of the bending sedge.

Anguish for me to remember,
But death for me to forget —
I am a bird and the fowler
Has caught me within his net.

— LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

THE SONGLESS CITY

“What do you see, Uncle Michael Ahanna,
Over the sands at the falling day?”
“I’m seeing a city all golden and purple
And a square in the middle for children to play.
And there are fair tall groves in that city,
And houses of agate with roofs agleam,
And too many merchants — more’s the pity! —
To traffick there in the courts of dream.
But for all of that, ’tis a desolate sight,
And its folk, that were mighty, are dying away
For the lack of the dance in the streets by day,
Or the sound of the harp from the roofs at night.”

— CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER

FREE RUSSIA

Love, and the glorious crimson wings of war,
The dear familiar sadnesses of earth,
Winds in the wood, and the new spring's sweet birth;
Old madnesses that men have perished for
And loveliness that thronged the ancient day
With clash of crowding swords and trumpet call
And heroes' deeds high graven on time's wall —
These have been sung: there is no more to say.

But out of the North, and from the frozen sea,
From minds unquelled by force, unbought by hire,
A Word goes forth, a faith for which men die,
A roar of crashing thrones — the folk are free!
O Poet! plunge your pen in that high fire
And blazon it across the burnished sky!

— CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER

DUST TO DUST

Little dust whirl
Dancing down this old white road,
Are you the ghost
Of my very great grandmother
Tossing your hair again
In the Spring wind?

— ELEANOR HAMMOND

INTERLOPER

Your little head is downy as a yellow dandelion
And your baby face is innocent as a sleeping rosebud —
Yet with your tiny, clutching hands
You have torn open the gates of paradise,
Where I and my beloved dwelt alone,
And let in the troubled world!

— ELEANOR HAMMOND

PATCHWORK

I am a piece of patchwork
Made of odds and ends of souls
Stitched together hit or miss.

What wonder you can not always follow my design
Or comprehend my color scheme!

— ELEANOR HAMMOND

HYMN FOR A SPRING NIGHT

Against the purple door curtains of your temple
They have lighted seven flickering candles.
The little moon throws incense on the air,
And the wind calls like a muezzin.

On the young grass, spread for a silken prayer rug,
I will kneel
And bow my forehead down into the dew
And give thanks
For this wild, wind-blown torch flame of young love
That is mine!

— ELEANOR HAMMOND

DEFEAT

Whenever sudden beauty flames —
Of circling gull or slender tree —
My heart grows tense with loneliness
Because you are not there to see.

And songs that once I should have made
Fall dumb outside your bolted door.
Why should I ever sing again?
You will not hear me any more!

— ELEANOR HAMMOND

PANAMA

Where stands the shrunk mid-continent upreared,
Its rib-rocks to a mountain cordon thinned,
Beneath Thy favor, Lord, at last lies sheared
The long-sought road to Ind.

No fabled fairway this; for, lest men find
Their dream fulfilled by deeds too lightly done,
Thou willed that but by travail might we bind
Thy sundered seas in one.

These sun-scorched cordilleras, from whose crest
Balboa saw the Western wave unrolled,
These swamps, where fever-maddened men have pressed
To fight and die for gold,

Are cloven by the toil of countless hands,
Are blasted, dredged and locked by brawn and brain
To serve the high emprise of mightier lands
Than plied the Spanish Main

With questing galleons launched on ocean's flood
To preach the Cross by firelock and by sword
And sate their lust with trophies stained in blood
Aztec and Inca poured.

Now giant freighters of the Elbe and Wear
Shall thread the jungles known of Morgan's men
And tread down valleys whence the buccaneer
Marched forth on Darien;

The steel-laced lattice of the dreadnaught's masts
Shall glide between Culebra's man-made shores,
Tall warriors on the pathways in dead pasts
Worn by conquistadors.

Thy warders, Lord, the way is ours to hold,
For all mankind a highroad fair at need;
Oh, shield us from the scarlet sins of old,
Base arrogance and greed.

For if men rose to speed this task of ours,
Thou gavest them vision and the strength to strive;
If faith grew faint, at war with Nature's powers,
Thou madest that faith survive.

The task stands done. No strange, new-conquered states
Invoke our justice on imploring knees;
Imperial commerce at the portal waits,
Drawn from the seven seas.

Be Thou our mentor, Lord, that on this ground
Where mailed and sceptred wrong has often stood,
Nation with nation meeting, may be bound
In closer brotherhood.

— JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

LARAMIE TRAIL

Across the crests of the naked hills,
Smooth-swept by the winds of God,
It cleaves its way like a shaft of gray
Close-bound by the prairie sod.
It stretches flat from the sluggish Platte
To the lands of forest shade;
The clean trail, the lean trail,
The trail the troopers made.

It draws aside with a wary curve
From the lurking, dark ravine,
It launches fair as a lance in air
O'er the raw-ribbed ridge between;
With never a wait it plunges straight
Through river or reed-grown brook;
The deep trail, the steep trail,
The trail the squadrons took.

They carved it well, those men of old,
Stern lords of the border war,
They wrought it out with their sabres stout
And marked it with their gore.
They made it stand as an iron band
Along the wild frontier;
The strong trail, the long trail,
The trail of force and fear.

For the stirring note of the bugle's throat
Ye may hark today in vain,
For the track is scarred by the gang-plow's shard
And gulfed in the growing grain.
But wait tonight for the moonrise white;
Perchance ye may see them tread

The lost trail, the ghost trail,
The trail of the gallant dead.

'Twixt cloud and cloud o'er the pallid moon
From the nether dark they glide,
And the grasses sigh as they rustle by
Their phantom steeds astride.
By four and four as they rode of yore
And well they know the way;
The dim trail, the grim trail,
The trail of toil and fray.

With tattered guidons spectral thin
Above their swaying ranks,
With carbines swung and sabres slung
And the gray dust on their flanks
They march again as they marched it then
When the red men dogged their track,
The gloom trail, the doom trail,
The trail they came not back.

They pass, like a flutter of drifting fog,
As the hostile tribes have passed,
As the wild-wing'd birds and the bison herds
And the unfenced prairies vast,
And those who gain by their strife and pain
Forget, in the land they won,
The red trail, the dead trail,
The trail of duty done.

But to him who loves heroic deeds
The far-flung path still bides,
The bullet sings and the war-whoop rings
And the stalwart trooper rides,

For they were the sort from Snelling Fort
Who traveled fearlessly
The bold trail, the old trail,
The trail to Laramie.

— JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

HOW LONG AGO!

How long ago, and bravely I set forth
To come to that high place
Where Beauty dwells, and doubted not my worth
To look upon her face.

In pride of strength, conscious of high desire,
It seemed not over bold
That youth and faith and courage should aspire
To see the realms of gold.

The way is long; and I have known such sorrow,
Such cruel burdens borne,
Each day's success so waits upon tomorrow
That I am overworn.

And should I find, before my strength is spent,
The place where Beauty stands,
I could but kneel, a sorry suppliant,
With poor, distorted hands.

— BURTON HASELTINE

NON REPETETUR

Never more for us to know
Love undomiciled,
Since such love, you say, will grow
Fickle as a child.

Well, suppose the world had said,
"Bless you," long ago;
Poured its unction on our head,
Named us — so and so.

Think you life would be more sweet,
Love more rich in flavor,
Sitting at convention's feet,
With discretion's favor?

Given now to have again
Years that we have had,
Would we pause to ask if men
Thought them good or bad?

Would we choose the bonds of bliss
None may put asunder,
Or the pain — and joy — of this
Love of ours? — I wonder.

— BURTON HASELTINE

LITTLE HOUSE

Let us build a little house

Right here among the happy oaks ;
And let us live in sweet carouse
With star-eyed, winsome woodland folks.

And let us build it snug and warm,
And friendly to the winds that blow ;
And let us hide in it a charm
To bring back friends who come and go.

The walls shall be of gray and green,
With brown eaves frowning overhead,
And wonders through wide windows seen
Shall speak delights of hearth and bed.

A winding walk shall wander in,
And lilac shrub shall lure the bees,
And neighbor-folk will wag the chin
At what that says and this one sees.

An hawthorne hedge shall hold us round,
And two deep stoops shall cool the breeze,
And violets wink us from the ground,
While tired grandames rest their knees.

The morning sun shall break a lance
Against the golden window-pane,
And wake us up from dreams, perchance,
To hail the east with hearts aflame.

The wide, white noon, in sun or snow,
Will glad us if we come or go ;
But oh, at dusk, the joy we'll know !
The fire-log on the hearth a-glow !

And all the sky above the world;
The wonder of the world around;
The whispering woods in shadows furled —
And we two, silent, slumber-bound.

— LE ROY HENNESSEY

THE SPIRIT'S GRACE

More brightly must my spirit shine
Since grace of beauty is not mine;

As shaded light and converse wise
Fill with a wondering surprise

The weary traveler seeking late
A lodging at some cottage gate —

So would I that my Spirit's grace
Should beautify its dwelling place.

— JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD

HIS CREED

When I behold a man, and read
His kindly actions day by day,
I question not the form of creed
Conviction urges him to say.

Nor care I if with head held high,
Or with obeisance low
He seeks the path that leads to God.
He finds it, that I know.

— JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD

DAFFODILS

Pale yellow daffodils are like
The sunlit souls of some I know;
All eagerness — and yet compelled
To blossom in an ordered row.

— JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

The bruit about your name is not immense —
Ten men I know have never heard of you —
But in the eager listening of a few
You have no slender meed of reverence.
We do not come for study or defence,
To learn if you are old, or somewhat new,
Content to watch the wizard light gleam through
The shadowed twilight of your reticence.

Since Hamlet walked in chilly Elsinore
Has your shrewd wit been fairly fellowless;
And since one whispered of his lost Lenore
Has failed that darkling spell our hearts confess
In Tilbury town, when tempered sunlight showers
Upon the man Flammonde among the autumn flowers.

— HOYT HOPEWELL HUDSON

AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE

We have earth and the broad moon's light and the stars;
We can still battle with great winds buoyantly leaping;
Dawn yet breaks for us; sunset splendidly burns:
Life has us in her keeping.

They have turned from us; dark death called and they went
Under the earth or under the grey sea, bravely
Holding the ultimate quest; we gather and go,
Speaking their fair names gravely.

Why should we seek to recall them, trouble with words
Those who have fronted the fear-girt presence, and wended
Ways that our heroes and kings, crowned singers of old
Took, and taking made splendid?

Ah, but companions are gone, great loneliness comes;
Living is wistfulness now, — love yearns and remembers
Voices that failed, blithe comrades that vanished and left
Colder the hearth-fire embers.

Only we know they are near, being one with the earth,
One with the passionless dust and the great winds leaping:
They are not gone from the sunlit range of the day!
Life has them in her keeping.

We too are one with the day, we move by the laws
Ruling the swinging stars and the care-free sweep of the
swallow.
Live we or die, we shall not depart from their presence who
passed —
Leading the way we follow!

— HOYT HOPEWELL HUDSON

THE DEPARTURE OF THE BIRDS

He looked at sombre clouds that crowded by
Above the trembling oak and maple boughs,
At stubble-fields, and idle rakes and ploughs;
He heard a song the west wind used to sigh
When he was young. So changing earth and sky
Brought back the old days, when he drove his cows
Along the lanes about his father's house,
And made him wonder, "Was that queer lad I?"

There was reluctance in the autumn air,
And in his heart as he turned back to town.
The birds were starting south, their black wings flung
Against the clouds; once more the birds would bear
A part of him to exile, flying down
Strange ways his dreams had gone when he was young.

— HOYT HOPEWELL HUDSON

PALINGENESIS

And if I do return — with finer passion

Sloughed stark and clean and eager as the wind,
Questing again but in a nobler fashion

The rough, old world ways where I sought and sinned;
Let me run tingling through a slender tree,

Breaking like laughter into verdant flame,
Drawing deep, fecund vision into me

Out of the warmth and darkness whence I came,
Let me, a quiet fragment of delight,

Scatter dissolving fragrance down the air,
Merged in the fluent beauty of the night,

Caught in the trailing silver of her hair;
Music or flame, God, blossom, bird or breeze —
If I return — why not as one of these?

— HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON

DESIGN

Already you are slipping back
Into your flamboyant cloak again,
Tying it fast with the fluttering ribbons
Of your laughter,
Drawing its soft, close collar of content
About you,
Snapped at the throat with a glittering jewel
Of hauteur.

I am not deceived.
For a moment I saw
A slim, dark passion
Of desire and pain
Pricked with pale points of dream fire.

Now I am remembering
A tall, black juniper
Starred with fire flies
Seen once upon a country road somewhere
At dusk.

— HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON

WE WHO MAY NEVER BE

We who may never be
Wine, fire to each other,
Only pain,
We who must live forever waiting,
Ever fain,

Let us rejoice!
One sorrow past enduring
We need not know,
The impotent, wan agony of watching
Our glory go.

Never shall sated love,
Grim, livid with remembrance
Like a scar
Mock the white magic of that first awakening
To high dream and star,

But like a flame
Forever glowing
Passionate and strong
Our love shall be a birth and a beginning,
A climbing song.

— HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON

MAY SUNDAY

Birds who are all unlearned in sin and doubt

Assail this quietness with careless rapture;
They laugh at gloom; they jest and jeer and flout. . .
Teach me your lack of sorrow, thoughtless birds,
Teach me your songs which have no use for words,
Your lyric joy which I can never capture.

Over the sullen quiet of the hills,

A church bell flings its melancholy breath:
Hamlet, apostrophising human ills;
Solomon, preaching vanity and death.

Vanity! . . . Vanity! . . . Vanity! . . . It fills
With aching numbness all the world of sound,
Gathering curious echoes from the ground:
"All flesh is grass," and, "Evil are our wills."

Answer him, birds, tell him you do not care;

Fling in his teeth your shrill, unthinking banter.
Tell him — What is there that you do not dare?
Your sun-god is a potent old enchanter.

How many thousand half-believing years

Have seen him fashion winter into May,
You know, glad birds; you have no mind for fears;
This charm he makes is far too soon away
To give you time for introspective mourning;
You will not heed these steeple-cries of warning,
Or turn from life to penitence and tears.

Gay chatterers among new-perfect boughs,

Chanters of nonsense more divine than truth,
Festive philosophers, whose creed allows
No cloud to fall upon the joy of youth,

You have well answered him ; his strident gloom,
His ominous hints of judgment and the tomb
Are silent now. Tell once again your vows :

Repeat your constancy to foaming trees

Flinging white surf of blossoms to the sky ;
Swear you will love that vagabond, the breeze.

When you go drifting with him by and by
Into another summer, where the net

Of winter lays no snare for happy things,
You will forget this day of songs and wings,
But, birds, be sure that I shall not forget.

— THOMAS KENNEDY

LATE GUEST

Half luminous, and dripping phosphorescent flashes,
Night slips in fragrant and breathless out of the rain.
Down the black-mirrored way, a street car clangs and crashes;
New leaves shape wavering silhouettes on the dark pane.
Voices and footsteps echo, and fade in laughter;
Her smile is a pale miracle in the gloom.
I turn my eyes from Sleep, to follow after
Her slim, gray silence, flitting about the room.

— THOMAS KENNEDY

THE DIVER

I have plunged into life, O God,
As a diver into the sea,
Knowing and heeding naught
Save thine old command to me
To go and seek for thy pearl,
Hidden wherever it be.

And the waters are in my eyes;
They clutch at my straining breath;
They beat in my ears; yet, "Seek!"
My heart still whispereth,
And I grope, and forbear to call
On the easy rescuer, Death.

For thy pearl must be here in the sands,
If ever a warrant there be
For that old command of thine
To plunge into life and see.
So I search, for I trust in thy truth,
O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me.

— LILY A. LONG

THE SINGING PLACE

Cold may lie the day,
And bare of grace;
At night I slip away
To the Singing Place.
A border of mist and doubt
Before the gate,
And the Dancing Stars grow still
As hushed I wait.
Then faint and far away
I catch the beat
In broken rhythm and rhyme
Of joyous feet, —
Lifting waves of sound
That will rise and swell,
(If the prying eyes of thought
Break not the spell,)
Rise and swell and retreat
And fall and flee,
As over the edge of sleep
They beckon me.
And I wait as the seaweed waits
For the lifting tide;
To ask would be to awake, —
To be denied.
I cloud my eyes in the mist
That veils the hem, —
And then with a rush I am past, —
I am Theirs, and of Them!
And the pulsing chant swells up
To touch the sky,
And the song is joy, is life,

And the song am I!
The thunderous music peals
Around, o'erhead, —
The dead would awake to hear
If there were dead;
But the life of the throbbing Sun
Is in the song,
And we weave the world anew,
And the Singing Throng
Fills every corner of space—
Over the edge of sleep
I bring but a trace
Of the chants that pulse and sweep
In the Singing Place.

— LILY A. LONG

THE ETERNAL

The fire our love has kindled still will burn
Upon the glowing hearthstone of the world
After our own bright ingle-embers turn
To ashen atoms on the four winds whirled.

The tenderness and trust you gave to me,
My glad renunciations for your sake,
Will comfort many a lone heart's agony
In far-off midnights when grim ghosts awake.

Because of lovelight in your brooding eyes
The stars will glisten with a softer flame,
And in some distant April's minstrelsies
My lips will still be whispering your name.

For we are heirs of raptures Petrarch knew
And hopes of Rachel by the Haran stream;
Because of faithful Browning you are true,
My joys are deeper for Francesca's dream.

In summer evenings you have wondered why
The scent of honeysuckle stirred my tears —
I knew a sweet regret came drifting by
From some sad princess in forgotten years.

The tender grief of Heloise is calling
Through the lorn lyrics of the mourning doves,
And every autumn wasted leaves are falling
Stained with the fervor of immortal loves.

All blest emotions of the past are ours,
The future will be fragrant with our faith,
Our love will bloom again in fadeless flowers
Beyond the somber barriers of death.

— LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM

MIDNIGHT

In the deep hush of night the old house wakes,
Returning footsteps steal across the floor,
Softly I hear the hinges of the door
Creak at an unseen touch ; the silence quakes
With stealthy rustlings that a silk gown makes,
Low whispers and a sleepy baby's cry,
A stifled laugh, a moan, a lullaby,
And faint forgotten sighs and old heart-aches.

Some shadowy presence lingers in the room,
Ghost of a dream, wraith of a young despair ;
A glint of silver breaks the brooding gloom —
Ah, who is leaning poised upon the stair
With orange-blossoms dropping from her hair
And in her eyes shades of oncoming doom ?

— LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM

THE ROSES OF PIERIA

“Because thou hast no share in the roses of Pieria, thou shalt go to and fro, unnoticed, in the House of Hades, flitting among the dusky dead.” — SAPPHO.

The sad day walks with ivory forehead bared
Into the gray glades of oblivion;
Where once our vesper star in splendor fared
The last wan hour beyond the brink has gone,
But we who face an undiscovered dawn
The Roses of Pieria have shared.

Somewhere new-leaved are all the blighted boughs,
Retinted the frail petals summer shed,
No bird is lost that sang his mating-vows,
No wisp of cloud that o’er the mountains sped —
We shall not stray among the dusky dead
Nor wait, unhonored, in Aides’ House.

It is enough to gain the Towers of Morn
Where all the lost immortals keep the tryst,
To be in wistful violets reborn
And sing again when autumn winds are whist —
We who are swept into the stygian mist
The Roses of Pieria have worn.

— LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM

BLUEBELLS

Tonight from deeps of loneliness I wake in wistful wonder
To a sudden sense of brightness, an immanence of blue —
O are there bluebells swaying in a shadowy coppice yonder,
Shriven with the dawning and the dew?

For little silver echoes are all about me ringing,
A crystal chime of waters where a wayward brooklet strays,
Faint robin-trills and dove-calls and happy children's singing
And merriment of long-forgotten Mays.

And then my heart remembers a shady reach of wildwood
Sweet with bloom and innocence, with joy of bird and stream
Where bluebells rang their fragrant chimes in sunny springs
of childhood
Calling me to fairyland and dream.

And so I know across the years that disenchant and harden,
Through midnight's alien silence and the black wind's
mockery,
Down from some paradisal glade, some green, immortal garden
The souls of bluebells come to comfort me.

— LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM

EPICEDIUM

(In Memory of America's Dead in the Great War)

No more for them shall evening's rose unclose,
Nor dawn's emblazoned panoplies be spread;
Alike, the rain's warm kiss and stabbing snows,
Unminded, fall upon each hallowed head.
*But the bugles, as they leap and wildly sing,
Rejoice . . . remembering.*

The guns' mad music their young ears have known —
War's lullabies that moaned on Flanders plain;
Tonight the wind walks on them, still as stone,
Where they lie huddled close as riven grain.
*But the drums, reverberating, proudly roll —
They love a soldier's soul!*

With arms outflung and eyes that laughed at death,
They drank the wine of sacrifice and loss;
For them a life-time spanned a burning breath,
And truth they visioned, clean of earthly dross.
*But the fifes, — can you not hear their lusty shriek?
They know, and now they speak!*

The lazy drift of cloud, the noon-day hum
Of vagrant bees; the lark's untrammelled song,
Shall gladden them no more, who now lie dumb
In death's strange sleep, yet once were swift and strong.
*But the bells, that to all living listeners peal,
With joy their deeds reveal!*

They have given their lives, with bodies bruised and broken,
Upon their country's altar they have bled;

They have left, as priceless heritage, a token
That honor lives forever with the dead.
And the bugles, as their rich notes rise and fall —
They answer . . . knowing all.

— J. CORSON MILLER

ELEMENTALS

Eléna and Mary went down the lane;
Both were questing, for both were young.
Mary's hope was none so plain,
But Eléna's was light on her tongue.

"I go," said Eléna, "to preach and pose;
To teach my brothers the worth of me."
But Mary's silent mouth was a rose
Scented with kisses to be.

Eléna has won what she went to get;
Famed and laureled she comes again,
Smiling as Mary smiles, and yet —
Mary comes suckling sons of men.

— FANNY HODGES NEWMAN

THE TAVERN GUEST

“Bring out the full decanter,
Fate, goodwife;
Just as it comes I’ll have it,
Sweet or gall;
Down to the lees, the red lees,
Pour me life.
My heart will more than hold it,
Give me all!”

— FANNY HODGES NEWMAN

THE REDBIRD

Animated, flashing, flame of scarlet,
Teasing, tantalizing madcap varlet,
Glooming, glinting through the boughs,
Making, breaking lover's vows;
Dashing leader of the choir,
Standing on the topmost spire,
Scintillating song and fire,
Calls me: *Come up — come up — higher, higher, higher!*

Daytime meteor trailing light,
Like a shooting star at night —
Just a moment of delight,
Followed by a mad desire;
But the flaming flash of scarlet,
Tantalizing madcap varlet,
Hiding from my aching sight —
This time just a little nigher —
Laughing from his leafy height,
Mocks me: *Come up — come up — higher, higher, higher!*

— COTTON NOE

TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Whence is thy song,
Voluptuous soul of the amorous South?
Oh! whence the wind, the rain, the drouth;
The dew of eve; the mists of morn;
The bloom of rose; the thistle's thorn;
Whence light of love; whence dark of scorn;
Whence joy; whence grief; Death, born of wrong —
Ah! whence is *life* ten-thousand passions throng? —
Thence is thy song!

Thou singest the rage of jealous Moor,
The passionate love of Juliet;
Thy villainous art can weave a net
With shreds of song, that never yet
Hath lover escaped, however noble and pure.
Ophelia's broken heart is thine,
And Desdemona's, true and good;
Thou paintest the damned spot of blood
That will not out in stain or line!
Oh Lear! Oh Fool! Oh Witch, Macbeth!
And wondrous Hamlet in a breath!
Who knows thy heart? thy song? thy words?
Thou Shakespeare in the realm of birds!

— COTTON NOE

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Plays horseshoes at the crossroads shop,
And hunts almost all night;
Just lets the ragweeds take his crop
And living out of sight!

The market means the same to him
When brogans sell at five,
And beefsteak's on the new moon's rim,
But honey in the hive!

Ginseng is strung in golden rows
From joist and puncheon floor;
And hides of twenty kinds repose
On barn and cabin door.

A coonskin brings ten savings stamps,
A mink, a baby bond;
Molasses in the sugar camps,
And bullfrogs in the pond!

The ban is off on possum meat
With wildgrapes everywhere;
Let Wall Street buy four-dollar wheat,
For what does Jason care?

— COTTON NOE

PRO PATRIA

Tip Sams had twins
And a razor-backed sow,
Five dogs and a mule
And an old roan cow;
A bone-spavined filly
And a one-room house,
And a little wrinkled woman
Just as meek as a mouse.
Old Tip raised tobacco
And he trafficked in skins,
For he had seven sons
In addition to the twins,
And every mother's son,
And the little mammy, Jude,
Smoked a pipe all day
And the twins both chewed.
But Tip kept a-digging
And he never lost heart,
For the dogs hunted rabbits
And they caught a right smart;
And the bone-spavined filly
And the mule pulled a plow,
And they lived off the givings
Of the old roan cow,
And the acorn-fattened farrow
Of the razor-back sow.
But here a chapter closes
Of my little romance,
For the seven sons are sleeping
On the battlefields of France;

But their daddy grows tobacco
And trafficks still in skins,
And the little wrinkled mammy
Has another pair of twins.

— COTTON NOE

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY

(With apologies to an old story)

Two ancient spinsters one dark day
Were chatting over tea.

“Oh, Deborah,” I heard one say,

“Have you seen Frances Lee —

That's Margaret Maple's little child?

The smallest babe that's ever been

Born into this old world of sin.”

“That's just what I have heard them say;

But, Prude, when I was born,

They put my head that very day

In father's powder horn.”

“And I do say; and did you live?”

“Well, now that's what I hear them tell;

They say I lived, and done right well.”

— COTTON NOE

INCONSISTENT

He hunted coons on Possum Ridge,
And lived in Dead Man's Flat;
He swam the river at the bridge,
And had a dog called Rat.

His best milk cow was still a calf;
His horse was just a colt;
He leaned upon a broken staff
And always slipped his holt.

But now that he is dead he lives,
Though living he was dead,
For what he took, by will he gives
To make the starved well fed.

— COTTON NOE

TO THE SONNET

Many and loud the voices of to-day
That would, in wild discordance, drown thine own;
But spite the raucities of trumpets blown
By acolytes in the temple, and the bray
Of cosmic brass, — the riotous display
Of Self by those who seek but Self to throne, —
Thy sempiternal flute-like undertone
Still soars serene the crests of song to sway.

Thine is the pagan power that can reach
The fiery depths and crystal peaks to fuse
A lyric fervor with a wisdom rare;
Thou art the magic formula when Speech,
A penitent returning to the Muse,
Bespeaks the bard's devotion and despair.

— AMEEN RIHANI

THE SONG OF SIVA

'Tis Night; all the Sirens are silent,
All the Vultures asleep;
And the horns of the Tempest are stirring
Under the Deep;
'Tis Night; all the snow-burdened Mountains
Dream of the Sea,
And down in the Wadi the River
Is calling to me.

'Tis Night; all the Caves of the Spirit
Shake with desire;
And the Orient Heaven's essaying
Its lances of fire;
They hear, in the stillness that covers
The land and the sea,
The River, in the heart of the Wadi,
Calling to me.

'Tis Night, but a night of great joyance,
A night of unrest; —
The night of the birth of the spirit
Of the East and the West;
And the Caves and the Mountains are dancing
On the Foam of the Sea,
For the River inundant is calling,
Calling to me.

— AMEEN RIHANI

ANDALUSIA

I

ALCAZAR

There was a rhapsody in all her moods,
A child-like grace, a passion unrestrained;
Her throne, which bard and saki shared, was stained
With virgin wine as with the blood of feuds;
And in her lyric-woven interludes,
Epitomizing destiny and time,
Her spirit, hid in opalescent rhyme,
The shades of melancholy still eludes.

Where'er she trod, the rose and bulbul meet;
Where'er she revelled, gardens ever blow;
Where'er she danced, the *henna* of her feet
Yet lends a lustre to the poppy's glow;—
Arabia, dark-eyed, light-hearted, fair,
Is but a flower in Andalusia's hair.

II

ALHAMBRA

Gods of the silence, still remembering
The dying echoes of her lute, bemoan,
In canticles of golden monotone,
Her Orient splendor too soon vanishing;
And while lions guard her courts, grey eagles wing
Around her turquoise domes, and seedlings blown
From distant lands to her hushed fountains cling,
Yea, and the sun himself sits in her throne.
Time, once her vassal, lingers near the streams
That woo the shadows of her crumbling walls,

And, musing of Alhambra's glory, dreams
Of elegance and power in Myrtle Halls; —
Arabia, once counted of the strong,
Is but a sigh in Andalusia's song.

III

THE MOSQUE

In the bewildering grove of colonnades,
Once brilliant with a flood of saffron light,
Poured from ten thousand lanterns day and night,
Her memory, like spikenard in the glades
Of distant Ind or Yemen, never fades;
And her devotion, though the ages blight
The mystic bloom of her divine delight,
Still casts on alien altars longing shades.

But through the *mīhrabs* which the humble hand
Of genius wrought, o'er marbles hollowed deep
By knees that only Piety could command,
I see Oblivion coming forth to reap; —
Arabia, in Allah's chaplet strung,
Is but a word on Andalusia's tongue.

IV

AL-ZAHRA

Not with the Orient glamor of her pleasures,
Nor her fond rhapsodies of prayer or song
Could she her sovereign reign a day prolong;
Not in the things of beauty that man measures
By the variable humor of his leisures,
Or by the credibilities that change
From faith to fantasy to rumor strange,
Was she the mistress of immortal treasures.

But when the holy shrine Europa sought,
Herself of sin and witchcraft to assoil,
The sovereigns of Al-Zahra maxims wrought
And Averroes burned his midnight oil;—
Arabia, the bearer of the light,
Still sparkles in the diadem of Night.

— AMEEN RIHANI

LASSITUDE

After the evening's play,
The lights and smiling faces;
After sweet talk and gay
Movement in joyous places,
I put off my happy mood;
Sit staring at the floor,
And in creeps lassitude
Like water under the door.

— ROBERT J. ROE

IMMORTALITY

I am no brooder on death.
No calculator as to what I shall lose
Or what gain by it.
But this I knew once,
That day when my foot slipped
While making fast the foretopsail
And I clung in space:
My essence has impregnated the world,
Modified it, leavened it.
What you see, dies,
But the essential ME
Is everlasting;
Straining through minds
To eternity.

— ROBERT J. ROE

THE VANITY BOX

She comes to it in hope and half in longing,
Wearied and pale, stained with her labor's soil;
That magic box brings happy visions thronging
And hides her marks of toil.

This moment in her day is made of gold —
Forgetting grim machine and subway crush,
She tries to gain again the youth she sold,
With a poor, painted blush.

Poor child, she does not see the mirror's truth,
The haggard lines, the hollowed cheeks and eyes,
Forgetting all but whisperings of youth,
She heeds the precious lies.

Though beauty's heritage is not for you,
Go take your harmless little slice of living —
An hour of vanities, though all untrue,
That does not need forgiving.

— JOSEPH SCHRANK

HUNTER'S MONOTONE

The lake is dead.

And through the haze around and overhead
Peers the pale yellow circle of a sun,
Making tri-colored beams upon the grey-green scum,
Shaped in interminable stripes by unseen currents.

The lake is dead.

And not the slightest breath breaks through the mist
To form a single ripple,
Or shake the yellow drooping leaves
Upon the trees that seem but shadows of themselves.

The lake is dead.

The heavy haze that rests upon it
Makes water, sky and shore one with itself;
Though sometimes golden heat-waves shimmer through the
 gray,
And white-backed wrens make for the trees from under wet,
 black rocks.

The lake is dead.

And motionless lie the decoys upon its surface,
Luring the solitary diving duck near shore,
Whence the reports of the rock-hidden gun
Boom like the belching of the waters.

— JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

KINNIKINNICK

Green leaf and berry red
And a breath of autumn breeze,
And it's back again in the hills I am,
Under the silent trees.

Wide ways and weary days
Stretch them out between,
But home is near to my heart tonight
In this spray of mountain green.

Green leaf and berry red
Clustered under the pine;—
Close as you cling to your mountain home
Is clinging this heart of mine.

— LAURA BELL SMITH

“FORSAN ET HAEC”

Oft in my schooldays I've stumbled o'er many a bit of learning;

Slid through many a weary lesson that now has vanished;
Once in a while a phrase, learned long ago, is returning

Out of the dusty limbo to which so many are banished;
Here is one memory holds, nor would I consent to rob it:
“Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”

“Even these woes, perchance” — good old Pius Aeneas!

“Even these woes, some day, will amuse us in the recalling.”
Today we slip on the ice and the small boy chortles to see us;
Tomorrow we're able to grin at the thought of our own
clumsy sprawling;

When you are down and out, say this, though even you sob it:
“Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”

Life brings us many a gift, and some are good and some bad
ones;

Some are bitter as aloes and some are sweeter than honey;
The fault is ours, no less, if we join the complaints of the sad ones.

Time tells which ills bring us good and which turn out to
be funny.

Time has his own little joke, and this of all sting can rob it:
“Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”

— LAURA BELL SMITH

FALSTAFF

Sir John, that loved the tankard and the frail,
Fat rascal that you were, upon my word,
For all your frantic follies and absurd
Adventures, Gad! I love you as good ale.
Nay, John, it is because of them, I vow,
I love you most. Od's bodikins and S'death!
You would have wrung a chuckle from Macbeth
Had Master Will but cast you right enow.
And that *Blue Boar* which Master Irving sought
And failed to find; I find it frequently:
And Mistress Page and Mistress Ford — ah me!
The deeds, good John, that you and I have wrought.
Yet two plays only know your jocund bawl. . .
Dear Jack! I would that you were in them all!

— VINCENT STARRETT

PICKWICK

Immortal name, and thrice immortal man!

Your hand, Sir, o'er the board, and o'er the years.

God bless your spectacles, your eyes, your ears,
Your gaiters, and your crazy caravan!

You draw my laughter, Sir, as few men can,

And — Dash it all! — sometimes you tempt my tears.

Once more your hand, and (Sam, cry two more beers!)
Your health, Sir, and the health of all your clan!

So, some day, I shall meet my oldest friend,

And so, some day, I'll greet him as he drinks:

'Twill be in some old inn, in some quaint town.

A buxom widow shall our needs attend,

A fire shall snap beside us, and methinks

I'll try to drink that artless toper down!

— VINCENT STARRETT

AMBITION

Then to be dead on plains of sonant glory! —

To kneel, myself beside, with strangled breath;
To bear away the litter — spread the story —
And cry above the bier that shining death!

Mutely to stand, a multitude of mourners,

Head bared, and sombre eyes upon the road
Where, flag-draped, past the deeply-breathing corners,
Slowly I pass to my strait, dim abode.

To be the banner's boast, the bugle's sorrow;

The volley o'er the mounded earth, the tread
Of marching feet; the silence of the morrow,
When, with a shock, I read that I am dead.

To be the quill that lustres famous pages,

The hand that drives the pen, the eyes that see
The worship and the wonder of the ages. . .
To be the grief, the joy, the mystery!

— VINCENT STARRETT

TO A BABY

Quaint little vampire of the browless eyes,
The pledge of passion and the ward of pain,
Back of that level glance of cold disdain
Sometimes I seem to glimpse a dark surmise.
Under the artlessness of your disguise
You have an air of knowing all is vain. . . .
And yet they question if you have a brain!
Life is indeed a curious enterprise.

In the abyss of your unwinking gaze
All knowledge and all mystery abide:
You are so lately from the rainbow hurled.
And yet, how — unaccustomed to our ways —
Your searching, helpless lips grope far and wide
For the glad breast that nourishes the world!

— VINCENT STARRETT

CAPTIVE GODDESSES

They sell their jewels in the market place,
The little tawdry sisterhood of sin,
With smiles of wood, with words unkempt and thin,
Yet with an echo of a former grace
That lends a touch of splendor to each face. . .
To the harsh scraping of a violin,
I watch their frenzied bodies whirl and spin
In an unreal, delirious embrace.

I have no mind to dance, no heart to sing;
These curious puppets hold no lure for me;
Yet am I unrevolted of the scene. . .
Here is a mistress for a fallen king,
Yonder a sister of Persephone,
And here a twin to the sad Magdalene.

— VINCENT STARRETT

RETURN

In rooms long stranger to my tread
My soul knelt down and wept;
The gray walls whispered of the dead,
The sad-eyed windows slept:

And memories of perished years
Were all that bade me stay. . . .
And those I kissed with sudden tears,
And those I bore away.

— VINCENT STARRETT

DREAMER

He was dismayed by life's harsh waking view;
Only in dreams he found escape from dread:
And so he laid him down to sleep, and drew
The coverlet of water o'er his head.

Then, as he slept, a murmur fled away:
"Genius!" they whispered, wishing he might rise,
And place upon his brow the wreath of bay. . .
Poor dreamer, with the dead, clairvoyant eyes!

— VINCENT STARRETT

POE'S GRAVESTONE

“ old friends and the school children of Richmond
. . . . asked those great men of Boston who had been Poe's
contemporaries to join in commemorating him. These
invitations were either ignored or they were not accepted
. . . . Lowell Bryant Whittier Longfel-
low ”

The very tomb shall cover not the shame

Of those that would have bound thy wings of light!

Toiling for Beauty in the quiet night,

Little to thee were primacy or name;

But now thy star is found a holy flame

In heavens unpermitted to their flight—

Unseen by those who have not in their sight

The slowly guttering candles of their fame.

Puritanism's grey and icy ooze

Was rheum in those inexorable eyes,

That would not see wherein thy greatness stood.

The meager honor that they dared refuse

Was earth's, O thou that followed to the skies

Beauty, whose final goal is human good!

—GEORGE STERLING

SONNETS BY THE NIGHT-SEA

I.

The wind of night is like an ocean's ghost.
The deep is greatly troubled. I, alone,
See the wave shattered and the wave-crest thrown
Where pine and cypress hold their ancient post.
The sounds of war, the trampling of a host,
Over the borders of the world are blown;
The feet of armies deathless and unknown
Halt, baffled, at the ramparts of the coast.
Yea! and the Deep is troubled! In this heart
Are voices of a far and shadowy Sea,
Above whose wastes no lamp of earth shall gleam.
Farewells are spoken and the ships depart
For that horizon and its mystery,
Whose stars tell not if life, or death, is dream.

II.

The wind of night is mighty on the deep —
A presence haunting sea and land again.
That wind upon the watery waste hath been;
That wind upon the desert soon shall sweep.
O vast and mournful spirit, wherefore keep
Thy vigil at the fleeting homes of men,
Who need no voice of thine to tell them when
Is come the hour to labor or to sleep?
From waste to waste thou goest, and art dumb
Before the morning. Patient in her tree
The bird awaits until thy strength hath passed,

Forgetting darkness when the day is come.
With other tidings hast thou burdened me,
Whom desolations harbor at the last.

—GEORGE STERLING

ATTHAN DANCES

The silver of the lyre
Cries, and thy silver feet
Like living flowers repeat
Thy body's silver fire.

What scents without a name
Within thy tresses hide?
What perfect roses died
To give thy mouth its flame?

Thy hands, uplifting, float
More delicate than Love's.
Thy breasts are two white doves
Whose moan is in thy throat.

As lyre and cithern swoon,
Thou lingerest, in thy pace
The panther's gift of grace,
Who glides below the moon.

O linger where I sigh
Above the golden wine,
And touch thy mouth to mine—
A scarlet butterfly.

—GEORGE STERLING

THE PEASANT'S PRAYER

The roan cow rests content under the trees
That shade the lane's end. Nearer, bumble-bees
With golden thighs grip the sweet flowers
Of the sun-lighted bridal-wreath. No showers
Have laid the dry loam, and dust veils
The dragman's team as wearily it trails
The warping frame over the ocher ground
Sloping to the blue marsh-edge. The main sound
A fitful creaking of the half-shadowed mill
That rests from labor, like a true bard, until
Some god's good wind comes on to bid it move.
No song but the faint cooing of a dove
Lonely on the barn-ridge, mourning a mate.

Here, in my tired heart, early and late,
Shadows, dim lights, sounds of forgotten years,
Old sorrow-songs from memory of tears.
I have not known great love — the less to grieve —
Nor hated aught but to its course must cleave.
To books of wisdom, mirth and things of beauty
I could not give the hour forepledged to Duty
Calling on busy hands. Ill fares the soul.

Around my life of labor scroll on scroll
Of wonders I cannot read, music unheard
By my dull ears. How understand the word
The night-stars speak and language of the winds?
Grass is pasture; wheat, bread. To other minds
Symbols of God — mystery divinely sweet.
To us — man, cow or bee — but straw and meat.

Mine the gray toil; all fair illusion yours.
O, grant me, yet, one dream — one that secures
My childish hope of comfort in the grave
And love beyond! This gone, what do we peasants save?

— IVAN SWIFT

ASSOCIATION

Beyond the shore-guard pines the beach of sand
Stretched off as warm and yielding as your hand
That northern summers past had laid in mine.
And yet the place had set no moving sign
Within my heart — too full of you for words,
Too glad for tears, too wrapt to hear the chords
Of Nature's playing. So I said no spell
Attached to this of import to compel
My song; though we had lived a thousand days
And grown to comradeship and mutual ways
Within its keeping. Thus when love was young
And you were by my side no song was sung,
In joy and fulsome praise I had not thought
Upon the frequent scene — I had not caught
Its inward meaning, as when oft alone
I found some mystic message in a stone.
The silent shade and your sweet gladness —
These were enough. Somehow the poet-madness
Comes not of soft content and troths unbroken,
And of such perfect peace no words are spoken.

Today I am alone, for my offense —
Alone and penitent and wondering whence
This golden light and gold-green of the lake,
The waves' dull symphony and dunes awake
With laughing spirits of the happy dead
Whose cast-off pains our birth inherited.
The dancing trees lean down with precious gifts
Of perfume. Every tiny plant uplifts
Its tendrils to my touch and points to skies
Of flowing opal where the free gull flies

To meet his mate beyond some blessed isle.
Would I, as he, to mine might fly the while,
Or she to me — yea, thou to me, and *here*,
Where days that are departed are twice dear
And every leaf and twig bears memories
Like faint, far bells across the midnight seas!

Alone I wait I know not what strange word:
Alone I pray I know not what vague sign!
But where we met and your sweet voice was heard
Has been God's temple — and shall be my shrine!

— IVAN SWIFT

QUESTION

When I am old and you are old
And passion's fires are burned to embers
And life is as a tale that's told

And only worth what Love remembers,

If we should meet, two quiet folk,
And change opinions of the weather,
Could any glance or word provoke
The heart and eyes to speak together?

The heart benumbed with so much ache,
The eyes bedimmed with so much crying —
Do buds long blighted ever break
To green the vine already dying?

When you are dead and I am dead,
Our faces lost, our names unspoken,
Shall then the mystery be read?
Can heaven bind what earth has broken?

Oh, in that farther, fairer day
To which the tides of life are moving,
— So sweet, withal, in this poor clay,
What then must be the joy of loving?

— EUFINA C. TOMPKINS

AT A LONDON TAVERN
(June, 1493)

(A wandering poet strolls in, sits down amid a crowd of
drinkers and says:)

With God's grace, if you'll hear me, gentle lords,
And grace of His sweet Mother, I shall tell
Of all the wonders which I saw and heard
Not three months since, when I still was in Spain.
I would not say the world is round, my lords,
But stay a bit and hear me to the end.
There was a dreamer, Messer Cristoforo
I think is all he's called, a Genoese,
Who swore to king and queen the world was round,
And being round, the Indies could be reached
By sailing west. They tried to laugh him down
But there was in his voice and in his eye
An eloquence and communicative fire
Queen Isabella could not out of mind.
When he had gone and was half way to France
She sent her messengers to bring him back;
Then gave him ships, three caravels; but crews,
That was another matter. Find me men
To follow blindly where a madman leads!
By siege-like dint of bribing and cajoling
He did succeed in manning all three ships,
Scantily, to be sure. And what a stir,
What noise in Palos on that August morning
At sailing-time, for all the town was there.
Shops and markets closed as on a feast-day.
Noise, noise, color and noise at first,

But when the priest had closed his benediction
And they weighed anchor and the sails bent to,
The din grew less; and farther off the ships
The stiller we became. We gazed and in
The hush that followed we could only hear
The whispered godspeeds, prayers for safe return
Of friends and folks of those abandoned men.
Day followed listless day, and save the kin
Of sailors gone, we turned to other thoughts
Until the time we reckoned they were due.
Then we would gather daily on the wharves
And watch in-coming ships. Sail after sail
Loomed large with hope; but now 'twas up from Lisbon,
Another time it might be from the Loire
Bringing in French wines. False ships, false hopes;
And folk began to shake their sullen heads,
And from his pulpit the good padre told
How God had chartered out what sea and land
He granted men to know; that they who tried
To reach beyond would loose His mighty wrath;
That all this round world talk was blasphemy.
And it was rumored that the maddened crews
Had mutinied, thrown captains overboard
And now were pirates off the Barbary coast.
Daily about the quay the throng diminished
Till finally, not one of us would go,
Not one except an old half-witted woman
The mother of the boatswain of the flagship.
She, like a sentry watching enemies,
Halloed when any sail hove into sight,
And we would scurry down to watch and hope.
But when we were deceived a score of times,

We came no more, paid no more heed to her.
For us those ships and men were lost, lost:
We sometimes doubted if they'd ever been.
One day in early March, just in the midst
Of market-time old madre Josefina,
With all her years, came hobbling down the street
Waving her hands and crying like a sergeant
"Out! out! they've come!" We looked off casually
Yet no one stirred until the wine-shop keeper
Ventured that though there was an only ship
It did look promising. Folk soon assembled
And as the ship veered to and cast its anchor
We made out clearly that she was the Niña.
Good sirs, 'twas then you should have heard the shouting,
The men on board too, answering our vivas!
And when the first of them stepped on the landing,
We were like madmen, screaming, weeping, laughing,
Kissing the crew and kissing one another.
Not one of you but would give half his years
To see what I saw then! And by God's wounds
I swear that what I tell these eyes beheld!
Each boatful of the crew as they came up,
Brought some new wonder: there were strangers bronzed
Like weathered copper, naked, tall, and speechless,
With feathers in their hair and faces painted;
And there were birds, all manner of strange birds,
Some fiery red and some with tails like lyres,
And strangest of all, some green ones with hooked bills
That jabbered Spanish; plants and animals
The like of which no man has ever seen;
And then the stranger's arms, great bows and arrows,
Arrows straight as they, as supple too

Their bows; and gold, vessels and cups of gold,
And hideous little gods, but all pure gold!
We, grown less clamorous then, had fallen back
To either side to give these strange things room.
We whispered or we pointed open-mouthed;
And when at last Messer Cristoforo
Himself appeared, wearing a purple cloak,
A white plume in his hat, and in his eye
The unslaked fire we had known before,
Some crossed themselves, and some with genuflexions
Approached, some touched some kissed his mantle's hem.
Beside me I could hear the padre murmur
"Praise be to God!" and in the eyes of others
Who dared not speak you easily could have read:
"He found the Indies! and the world is round!"

Back there in Paris those light-headed Frenchmen
Would never hear me through, but scoffed and laughed
And said that I was drunk as all of Poland.
But you, my lords, you who have heard my tale,
It's nine months since I've tasted English ale!

— ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

THE PAINTING OF PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

‘He said to me: ‘Tomorrow I begin
My painting of Paolo and Francesca;
And you must pose with Beppe. I might use
Bianca, but her lips are much too thin,
And she has nothing of the languid grace
That must have been Francesca’s.’

‘But Giulio’ —

‘I know . . . the sitting will be short; and though
He must embrace and hold you mouth to mouth,
It will not be a kiss; where there’s no love
The lips lie cold and there can be no wrong.
Beppe will understand, for he’s my friend.’

I know not why I trembled . . . all that night
My sleep was broken by I know not what
Voices and ghastly nightmares; and at length
When I arose and dressed myself and looked
Into my mirror, it occurred to me:
‘Giulio will think these hollow eyes Francesca’s.’

Finally Beppe came, and Giulio said:
‘Lucia seems so much more like the type
I think of as Francesca’s — mouth and eyes —
I’ll have her pose with you instead of Bianca.’

I dared not look at either, struggling hard
To seem composed and natural; still I felt,
As Giulio placed us there, cold sweat upon
My brow and the trembling come again.

Giulio must have noticed, for he asked
If I were cold, and said the sketch would take
Only a moment more. My hands were numb,
But when I felt the warm blood in those hands
Pulsate through mine, I trembled harder still.
And when I knew that mouth upon my mouth
I felt my soul pass throbbing from my lips.

That night I could not sleep, and when I heard
Giulio breathing heavily at my side,
I rose and thought to cool my feverish brow
By walking in the courtyard. As I passed
Into the studio, the rising moon
Was stealing in, and clearly I perceived
The settle where we sat. I stopped. Nearby
On one of Giulio's easels lay a knife —
The knife he used for trimming canvases.
I started — picked it up — do I know why?
And do I know what happened then? A dream!
A fiendish dream . . . and . . . and Giulio's dead!

They call me murderess; but was it right
To give my body to another's arms?
Mother of God! I'll soon be in God's sight;
And yet I have no fear; for well I know
God knows the fault was Giulio's and not mine."

— ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

ILLUSION

We see the night drift toward us from the sky,
And know not we are seeing
Out of the secret shadows of our earth
The darkness taking being.

We feel the warm sweet blowing summer rains,
Nor care that we are feeling
The tears of dead men cleansed of bitterness
By centuries of healing.

We hear the wild strange pounding of the sea,
The crashing and the breaking,
And think not that we hear the sounding of
Our own graves in the making.

We weave our webs of rainbow gossamer
Torn by a germ's intrusion;—
Death is the old eternal truth, and life
A beautiful illusion.

— OSCAR WILLIAMS

REVENGE

I have come out of my grave
For my revenge upon death
Who bound me to a wind-swirled, gnarled crag,
And set the stars picking at my bones
Like a million tiny vultures;
Long, long before Prometheus
I, too, had stolen a fire,
Greater than his!

But now I have come out of my grave
For my revenge upon death;—
Out of the curves of petals,
The curves of my face;
Out of the caverns of the winds,
The little caverns of my lungs;
Out of the sunlight and the moonlight,
The glimmer of my eyes;
Out of the rains and snows,
My heart's cataract of plunging flames;
Out of the tip-toeing twilight,
The hush of my soul;—
Oh, I have come out of my grave,
For my revenge upon death,
For the little revenge men call youth!

— OSCAR WILLIAMS

MOOD

A sky filling with shadow as a flower with rain. . .

A wind gray with the secret moods of the sea. . .

And the old singing comes back again,

And the old aching perplexity.

The old questioning comes back once more

Asking the little shadows hiding in tears,

Why love cries in the rain outside the door,

And beauty blunders forever down the years.

— OSCAR WILLIAMS

THE CONTRIBUTORS

BERTHA GRANT-AVERY (Mrs.), of Anoka, Minn., is a devotee of out-of-door life. Though seldom appearing as a writer, she has done some beautiful book illuminating and initialing.

ROBERT O. BALLOU was born (1892) and raised on a farm twenty-five miles west of Chicago. Has been a reporter for the *Chicago Examiner* but is now engaged in business. Served in the World War. Married, in 1921 to Vera K. Edwardsen of Chicago. Resides in Chicago.

KENDALL BANNING. Born New York, September 20, 1879. A.B. Dartmouth College, 1902 (class poet). Managing editor *System*, 1903-17. Managing editor *Hearst's*, 1919-. World-war veteran, major on General Staff. Author numerous volumes poetry and two plays. Contributor to magazines. Member Players Club and many literary and dramatic societies. Married; lives in New York City.

CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN. Born Marengo, Ill., January 19, 1857. Came to Chicago in 1890. Author of several books of verse, the latest of which, *Lyrics*, was published by the BOOKFELLOWS under one of his half-dozen pen names — "Laura Blackburn." Member of the "Cliff Dwellers," Chicago.

GEORGE F. BUTLER. Born Moravia, N. Y., March 15, 1857. Baldwin's Academy, Groton, N. Y., 1874. Rush Medical College, Chicago, 1889. Has practiced and taught for years in and around Chicago. Medical director of North Shore Health Resort, Winnetka, Ill. *Sonnets of the Heart*, 1909; *Echoes of Petrarch*, 1912; *Travail of a Soul*, 1914; *Love and Its Affinities*, 1890; *Isle of Content*, 1907; *Exploits of a Physician-Detective*, 1907; *How the Mind Cures*, 1921. Dr. Butler died in June, 1921, while this book was going through the press.

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STEPHEN CHALMERS. Born Dunoon, Scotland, February 29, 1880. Educated Dunoon Grammar School. Married Louise A. Root of Brockport, N. Y., 1910. Newspaper man. Has traveled extensively in West Indies and South America and has written a number of books. Residence, Laguna Beach, California.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY. Born Groveland, N. Y., December 29, 1848. Educated at Geneseo, N. Y. Married. Practiced law in New York, 1875-6. Librarian, Free Public Library, San Francisco, 1887-94; Newberry Library, Chicago, 1894-1909. Member National Institute of Arts and Letters. Author of many books of poems and essays. Wrote prize reply to Edwin Markham's *The Man With the Hoe*. Lives in San Diego.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE of Cleveland, Ohio, was born at Port Devon, Canada, June 5, 1866. Married, 1897, Lilith Castleberry of Chicago. Lecturer, author and contributor to the leading newspapers and magazines. Among his books are *Impertinent Poems*, *Rhymes to be Read* and *Chronicles of the Little Tot*. He is vice president for Ohio of the Society of Midland Authors.

HENRY CORNEAU DILLER of Germantown, Pa., was born in Philadelphia, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1903, served as a Four-Minute Man during the War Period, has been active in better government movements and is a banker by profession.

WENDELL ERIC DIXON of Chicago, Ill. Born June 5, 1893, on a farm in Illinois. Attended University of Chicago. Served in U. S. Army during the War of Nations. Married, 1917, Marjorie S. Howe. Is now engaged in business.

HENRY DUMONT. Born San Francisco, March 17, 1878. Started in business at the age of 13. At 19 he joined forces with the Pacific Coast Borax Company, and came to Chicago in 1908 to take command of its Chicago office, which command he still retains. Married, in 1904, Eleanor Larkin of Alameda, Cal. In 1910, published *A Golden Fancy and Other Poems*. Residence, LaGrange, Ill.

BETTY EARLE, pen name of writer in Nevada, Missouri. Born, 1894. A.B. degree from Missouri University, 1915. Connected with University Extension Division, 1916-1917. Army Student Nurse at

Camp Greene, 1918. Teacher of English, 1919. Now devoting entire time to writing.

CHARLOTTE EATON. Born in England. Wife of the late Wyatt Eaton, American Artist. Traveled and studied in New York, Canada, and Europe. Author *Desire*, 1904; *A Last Memory of E. L. S.*, 1917; *The Enchanted Sea Gull*, 1916, in collaboration with Harriett Bartnett. Lives in studio near the campus of Columbia University. Student of classics and lover of poetic form.

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON. Born San Francisco, Cal. Educated in Illinois; studied voice under Louis Gaston Gottschalk. Has been a teacher of voice in Los Angeles since 1899. Was one of the founders of the Gamut Club; served on the Municipal Music Commission and City Planning Committee; a founder and for two years vice president of the Music Teachers' Association of California. Married in 1890, Katherine Philips of Kenton, Ohio. Was a Four-Minute Man during the Great War. Has published several songs and quartettes; also two books of poetry, *San Francisco, the City of the Golden Gate*, and *Los Angeles from the Sierras to the Sea*.

ETHEL M. ERICSON. Born in New York City in 1894, where she still lives. Is a teacher of English in Washington Irving High School. Was editor of the college monthly and president of the English Club during her course in Hunter College. Has contributed to *Poets of the Future*.

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD. Born February 21, 1861. Educated Chicago schools and Denmark Academy, Iowa; Dartmouth, two years; Amherst, two years, graduating in 1883. Newspaper and magazine articles. Author of numerous text books for children. Resides in Chicago, and is treasurer of the Society of Midland Authors.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK (Mrs. Jerome N.). Born Atchison, Kansas. Came to Chicago at the age of four. Attended University of Chicago. Author of *The Jew to Jesus and Other Poems*; has contributed poems and articles to *The Century*, *The Forum*, *Poetry*, *McClure's*, *The Dial*, *The New Republic*, etc., and has written several short and long plays which have been published and produced. Lives at Hubbard Woods, Ill.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT (Mrs. Eugene H.). Lives in Evanston, Ill. Has written dramas, songs, poems, and plays — her *Forest Rondo*

was sung by fifteen hundred children. Among her works is *The Courtship*, a dramatization of Longfellow's *Miles Standish*. Many of her poems have been published in *The Outlook*.

CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER. Born Milton Junction, Wis., 1893. B.A., Milton College, 1916; M.A., University of Wisconsin, 1917. Taught English. Worked on newspapers Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Chicago. Now engaged in newspaper work in Hawaii. Contributor to *The Nation*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Grinnell Review*, etc.

ELEANOR HAMMOND was born in California, of English-Irish descent. Now resides at Portland, Oregon. Contributes to *Poetry*, *The Liberator*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Touchstone*, *Art World*, etc. Has written lyrics, child rhymes and short stories, but prefers to write free verse.

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON (Capt.), vice president of the Society of Midland Authors for South Dakota, resides at Yankton, S. D., where he was born, July 20, 1876. Graduated St. John's Military School, Manlius, N. Y., 1897. Married Frances Lee Johnson of Holden, Mo., in 1909 (she died in 1912). Served through the Great War with distinction and emerged with several foreign orders. Author *Frontier Ballads* and numerous other books; recently, a series of papers in *The Independent* on *The Americans in the Great War*.

BURTON HASELTINE. Born Richland Center, Wis., 1874. Lived in Ozark Mountains two years. Graduated Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago, 1896. Practiced medicine in Chicago since that time. Member consulting staff of Cook County Hospital. Member Chicago Yacht Club. Has written chiefly for medical journals and societies.

LE ROY HENNESSEY. Born February 28, 1882, at LaSalle, Ill. Has been a newspaper man since 1905; now connected with the *Chicago American*. Married, in 1916, Edith Sigler of Galveston, Texas. Was a Jackie during the war and won everlasting fame as the author of *Jackie Jingles*. Does not smoke nor drink, but occasionally tries to induce people to buy Florida real estate. Lives in Highland Park, Ill.

JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD of Charleston, S. C., has never been a prolific writer, but has published a small book of verses in negro dialect. Is a charter member of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, of which her son, DuBose Heyward, was one of the organizers.

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Graduate of the University of Denver; one year at the University of Chicago. Has taught in high schools in several western states; at present is instructor in Public Speaking at Cornell University. Married.

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THOMAS KENNEDY; instructor in English at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa. Born San Francisco, Cal., September 18, 1888. Graduated from Wheaton College (Ill.), 1912. Seven years at newspaper work in Chicago. During the war, served in aviation service. Co-author with three others of *Estrays* (poems), the first book published by THE BOOKFELLOWS.

LILY A. LONG. Lives in St. Paul, Minn. Author *Radisson, the Voyageur*, a verse-drama. Poems have appeared in *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Century*, *Poetry*, *Bellman*, etc. Review-editor of St. Paul *Pioneer Press* two years. Has published short stories in most of the leading magazines. Is vice president for Minnesota of the Society of Midland Authors.

LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM (Mrs.), is a native of Kentucky; lives at Lexington. Educated in private schools and for several years a practicing physician in partnership with her husband. Has contributed to the leading magazines and in 1913 won a prize offered by the London *Bookman* for the best lyric. Devotes all her time to authorship.

J. CORSON MILLER. Born at Buffalo, N. Y., November 13, 1883; educated at Canisius College. Has contributed verse and articles to various newspapers and magazines. His first volume of poems, *Veils of Samite*, is being issued by Small, Maynard & Co. He is a member of the Poetry Society of America. Engaged in the business of electric railway transportation at Buffalo.

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Practiced law for a while, then took to teaching. For fifteen years he has been on the staff of the University of Kentucky at Lexington, the last nine years as head of the Department of Education. Is editor of the *Kentucky High School Quarterly*.

FRANCIS FIELDING-REID of Baltimore, Maryland, was born at Baltimore, April 15, 1892; educated at Princeton University and Cambridge (Magdalene College); A.B. degree; winner of Newton Essay prize; married Miss Marie M. Svendsen of Norway in 1917. Was a captain in U. S. Field Artillery during the recent war, resigning in 1919. Writer of verse, essays and plays.

AMEEN RIHANI. Born on Mount Lebanon, Syria; now a resident of New York City. Member of Authors' Club, Poetry Society of America, etc. Came to this country in 1889, has since spent several years in Syria and has written a number of books both in Arabic and English. *A Chant of Mystics and Other Poems*, and *The Path of Vision* (essays) were published in 1921. Is married to Bertha, an artist. Contributes regularly to *The International Studio*, *The Print Connoisseur*, *The Atlantic*, *The Forum*, *Harper's*, and other periodicals.

ROBERT J. ROE of Cave Creek, Maricopa county, Arizona, was born in New York City in 1895. Was with the Fifth New Jersey Infantry on the Mexican border, has made a trip to New Zealand and return in a four-masted schooner, and has tried several occupations, including journalism; at present is homesteading a quarter section in the desert. Is a frequent contributor of prose and poetry to magazines; confesses to a leaning towards so-called "new" forms.

JOSEPH SCHRANK was born in New York City where he still resides.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is a member of the faculty of Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa, and managing editor of *The Grinnell Review*.

LAURA BELL SMITH is the pen name of a BOOKFELLOW. Of her two contributions, "Forsan et Haec" appeared in *The Independent* in 1911.

VINCENT STARRETT. Born Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 1886. Educated public schools, Toronto and Chicago. Engaged in newspaper work in Chicago for twelve years. Chicago *Daily News* correspondent in Mexico, 1914-15. Author of *Arthur Machen*, 1918, and *Ambrose Bierce*,

1920. Edited *In Praise of Stevenson* for BOOKFELLOWS in 1919. Lives in Chicago.

GEORGE STERLING. Born Sag Harbor, N. Y., December 1, 1869, Educated in Maryland. Has resided in California since 1898. Author of *The Wine of Wizardry* and other books of poems and poetic dramas. Member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

IVAN SWIFT. Born Wayne county, Michigan, June 24, 1873. Began writing verse at age of 14. Educated public schools Michigan and Art Institute, Chicago. Painted landscapes for a living. Member Poetry Society of America on invitation of Edwin Markham. Author *Fagots of Cedar*, 1907, and *Blue Crane and Shore Songs*, 1918. Lives Harbor Springs and Detroit, Mich.

EUFINA C. TOMPKINS (Mrs.). Has been engaged in newspaper and editorial work in Detroit, Toledo, San Francisco, and (at present) Los Angeles.

ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY. Born in Massachusetts, now resides at Austin, Texas. Is on the faculty of the University of Texas, contributes poetry to the leading magazines and has written a monograph on Rosetti.

OSCAR WILLIAMS. Born December 29, 1899, in a little town near Odessa, Russia. Migrated with parents to America in 1909, and started to scribble verse in 1913. Lived in New York City until recently; then in Maine; now in Chicago. Poems have appeared in *Midland*, *Forum*, *Smart Set*, *Nation*, *Freeman*, *Contemporary Verse*, etc. Author of *The Golden Darkness* (Yale University Press) and *In Gossamer Grey* (BOOKFELLOWS).

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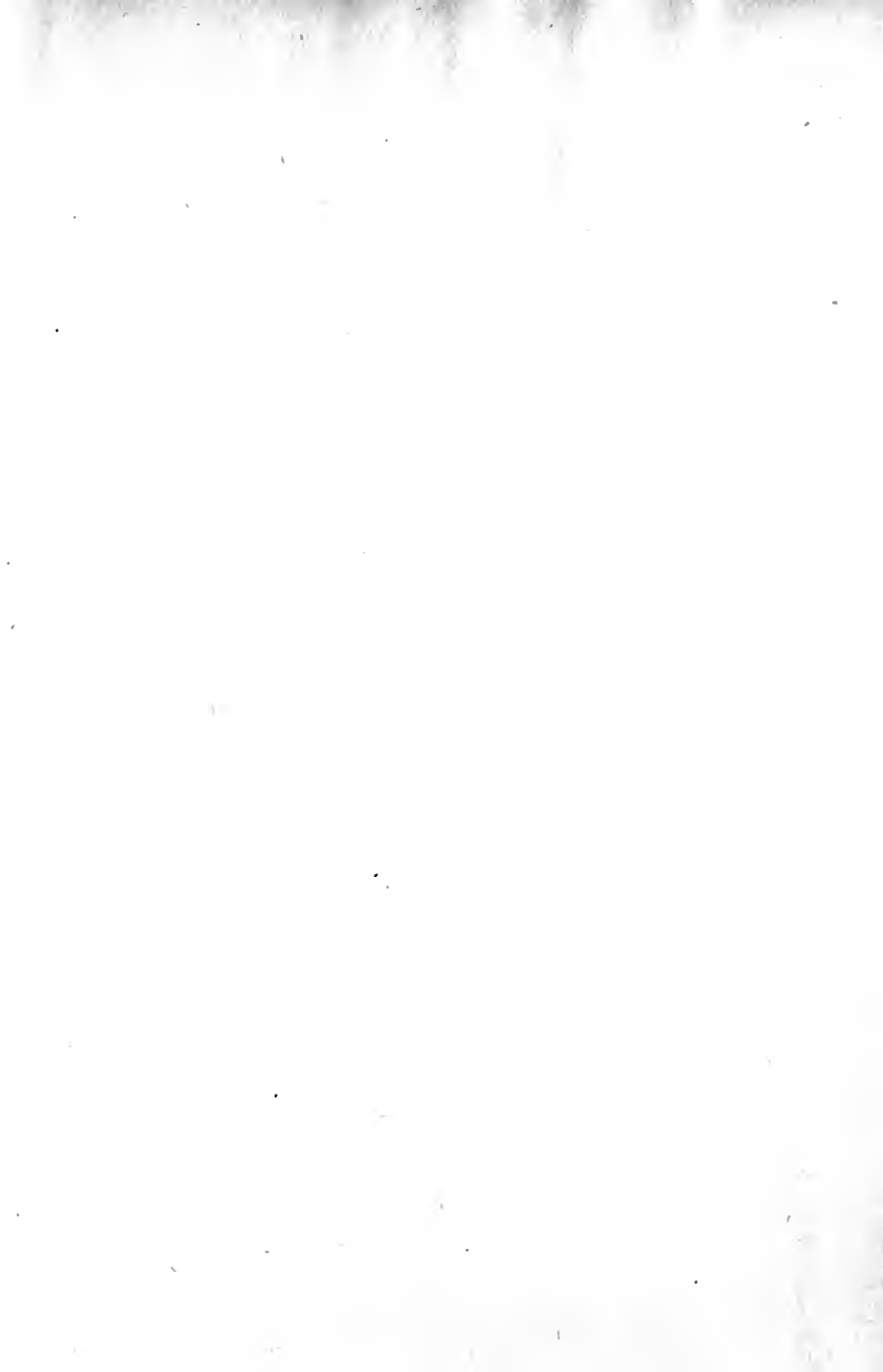
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